

A 2
MATCH FOR A WIDOW:

OR, THE
FROLICS OF FANCY.

A
COMIC OPERA,
IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DUBLIN.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED BY P. BYRNE (108) GRAFTON-STREET.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.



T O
RICHARD DALY, Esq.
PATENTEE AND MANAGER
OF THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DUBLIN.

DEAR SIR,

WHILE (as an offering of friendship) I inscribe the following Piece to your Protection, I should deem myself very ungrateful not to return you my sincere acknowledgments for the liberal and kind attention which it experienced from you antecedent to, and during representation, to which I very much attribute the countenance and success it met with from an indulgent public.

You remember that it was originally written and presented to you in the Winter of 1785, as an *after-piece*, acknowledged to be suggested from a little French Drama of one Act, without Songs (intituled, *L'Heureuse Erreur*), and that in borrowing the idea I totally altered and augmented the dialogue, incidents, and situation of *that* plot, and, for the first time, attempted the introduction of a *Tankee* character on the European stage.

A

You

You likewise recollect that you and some literary gentlemen of our acquaintance expressed yourselves so much pleased with the production in this imperfect state, that you earnestly recommended and urged me instead of confining it to an after Musical Piece, to extend the design to a compleat Comic Opera, by the assistance of new characters and an under-plot.

FLATTERED with such encouragement, you will do me the justice to confess, that in the course of the week I again presented you, and read the Opera in its present state, with the additional episode characters and songs, in which *Quack*, *Mrs. Quack*, *Biddy*, *Gauge*, *Jolly*, *Drill*, and *Squib*, are severally concerned—interwoven and dispersed thro' the principal plot, without impeding the primary object. It was then (through the favourable hopes you and my other friends entertained of its success) transmitted to *Mr. Dibdin* in London, who embellished it with his harmony : thus with the ornament of new scenery and dresses, and the then musical strength of your company, you, in the Spring of 1786, gave it a fair trial before an Irish audience.

How far this Opera has answered or deserved general approbation, I have not the presumption to determine; but as the author of the *Mutual Deception*, (now played as *Tit for Tat*) I confess myself much flattered by the great applause that piece continues
to

DEDICATION.

to receive in both kingdoms, and the manner in which *Mr. Colman*, unsolicited by any interest or application on my part, brought it forward on the British theatre.

THIS much I have said, because you are so materially concerned as the friend and patron of both pieces, and in justice to the candour and liberality of this country where every effort of dramatic genius is so kindly countenanced and encouraged; particularly under the auspicious protection of an Hibernian manager, who has already rescued our theatre from a state of neglect and degradation, to the highest pitch of magnificence and respectability.

WISHING you the ample rewards of all your toil and expences, in accomplishing this great and useful object, with a long enjoyment of public favour, I remain, with great truth and regard,

My dear Sir,

your very sincere and faithful,

humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

VILLARS,	-	-	Mr. DUFFY.
BELMOR,	-	}	Mr. WOODS.
		}	Mr. MARSHAL.
QUACK,	-	-	Mr. MOSS.
		}	Mr. CHERRY.
GAUGE,	-	-	Mr. E. KING.
JONATHAN,	-	-	Mr. CORNELYS.
ADAM,	-	-	Mr. WILDER.
SERJEANT DRILL,	-	-	Mr. OWENSON.
CORPORAL SQUIB,	-	-	Mr. RYDER.
JOLLY, (the Ldlord)	-	}	Mr. GLENNVILLE.
		}	Mr. BARRET.

W O M E N.

LADY BLOOMINGDALE,	Mrs. MELMOTH.
MARCELLA BELMOR,	} Miss HITCHCOCK.]
	} Mrs. MARSHAL.
Mrs. QUACK,	- - - Mrs. HEAPHY.
POLLY,	- - - Mrs. HITCHCOCK.
BIDDY,	- - - }
	} Miss LANGRISH.
	} Miss WELDON.

HAYMAKERS, MUSICIANS, &c.

SCENE, *the Castle and Village of Bloomingdale.*



A

MATCH FOR A WIDOW.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE THE FIRST.

*A View of the Castle of Bloomingdale and its Domain.
Hay Cocks dispersed, &c.*

ADAM, POLLY, and HAY-MAKERS *discovered.*

SONG (and Chorus).

1st Verse. (ADAM.)

COME let our tuneful tributes hail
The charming scenes of Bloomingdale:
Where health, which joyful labour yields,
And plenty decks the smiling fields!
With festive sports, with dance and song,
We hear our happy village throng!
While she, that owns this noble seat,
Delights to bless her tenants' fate.

Chorus. { Then let our tuneful tributes hail
The charming scenes of Bloomingdale.

B

2d Verse.

2d Verse. (POLLY.)

*The friendly dome, and landscape round,
 With every charm and blessing crown'd,
 Afford each raptur'd sense delight
 Entrance the soul, and please the sight:
 While feather'd warblers here and there,
 Our hearts for tender thoughts prepare:
 But she, that owns those rural charms,
 Here, shuns the world, and love's alarms.*

Chorus. { *Whilst we in tuneful tributes hail
 The charming scenes of Bloomingdale.*

Adam. Well done, my merry hearts!—to be thus
 chearful at work bespeaks a grateful mind—but
 you may now go spread the hay in yon meadow
 below.——

[*Exeunt Hay-makers, repeating chorus.*

O, Mrs. Polly—that's true—there's a young woman
 at the Castle-gate that wishes to speak with you.

Polly. With me, Mr. Adam!

Adam. Yes, with you—Mrs. Polly.

Polly. I don't know any person in this village,
 except Mrs. Quack.

Adam. She's not of this part of the country—
 but she's very pretty, faith!

Polly. She's mistaken, perhaps——

Adam. Not at all—she enquired for Polly Ho-
 neysuckle, lately come from the service of Miss Mar-
 cella Belmor, and now waiting-maid to Lady Bloom-
 ingdale.

Polly. That's me sure enough—but I can't go
 to her; my mistress is not yet dress'd, and may ring
 for me immediately—I must not be out of the
 way, and I darn't bring the girl into the Castle.

Adam. Why so, pray?

Polly. My lady might be displeased.

Adam. Ah! you but little know her I find—
 her goodness is equal to her beauty, and if it were
 not

not for this strange aversion to our sex, she would be a faultless character.

Polly. But whence arises this extraordinary hatred, Mr. Adam?

Adam. At the age of eighteen she fell in love with a young extravagant baronet, every way unworthy of her, excepting birth and fortune—my old master (who adored her as the apple of his eye) considered her happiness as his own, and married her, in short to her fancy;—but her husband made her so compleatly wretched, that her poor father died of perfect grief and vexation.

Polly. Ah! dear me!

Adam. This monster of ingratitude survived him but a short time, and my young madam finding herself again her own mistress, retired to this antient family seat, making a *solemn vow never to receive the visit of a man.*

Polly. How long pray since this happened?

Adam. She was two years married, and has been about eighteen months a widow.

Polly. Eighteen months a widow! and this aversion to man as great as ever!—how unlike many of our modern fine ladies, Mr. Adam!

Adam. So much so, that she absolutely secludes herself from the world, in company with her only brother *Mr. Villars*; we don't even attend her at table, and if one of her women is seen speaking to a man, off she's turned.

Polly. Leave me then—I'll follow you, and pray desire the young woman to walk in.

S O N G, by ADAM.

*Our times thus most heavily pass,
For want of some sport with the lasses:
We mope and we whine
To see beauty pine,*

*And looking quite sheepish, and mum!
While men here forsooth,
In years or in youth,
Like them must be deaf, blind, and dumb.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Castle.

Polly. Lord, who can this stranger be?—no one but my late mistress knows of my being here, or the reason of it—and from the lively interest she takes in this business, I have no doubt but my recompence will equal the success of my enterprize.

Enter ADAM, conducting MARCELLA in a country girl's dress.

Adam. Here she is, Mrs. Polly.

Polly (surprised). O dear, is it you Mad—

Marcella (interrupting and embracing her). Yes, my dear Cousin.

Adam. Oh, she's your cousin, is she?

Marcella (aside to Polly). Be on your guard, pray—

Polly. Never fear, Ma'am.—Pray, Mr. Adam, leave us together.—(*Aside*).

Adam. I am going—by all that's pretty! she's worth all the women in the house put together.

[*Exit Adam.*]

Polly. Well, Madam, for Heaven's sake, what brought you here in this disguise?

Marcella. O Polly, you had like to have ruined all, but are we quite safe in this place?

Polly. My lady's closet is at the end of *that* gallery—and not a soul can hear us.

Marcella. I was impatient to know how you went on.

Polly.

Polly. Wonderfully well, Ma'm!——I offered myself to her ladyship as an expert handy waiting-maid, to replace her late woman, just dismissed, you know.

Marcella. Well!

Polly. Well, Madam, having had a good discharge from you, I was taken on trial, and as you know my dexterity in pinning a handkerchief, and giving a cap its peculiar fit and grace, I could not fail of getting into favour.

Marcella. Just as I could wish it——but have you had no conversation with her about me?

Polly. O yes, Ma'm, when I found I had paved the way and gained her confidence by my communicative turn and a pretended dislike to faithless men,——I up and told her, “that you had such a strange opinion of the folly and capriciousness of our own sex, that you seldom visited any of them, and that I heard you say that you did not believe there was a woman existing that could be constant to the mode of life she talked of pursuing.”

Marcella. Bravo!

Polly. And to put it to the trial, that you had resolved on playing her a trick, “*by getting admittance in mens cloaths to pay your addresses to her,*” and seize upon her heart before she could be aware of the deceit.

Marcella. Well, what did she say to that?

Polly. Why, Ma'm, thanking me a thousand times for putting her on her guard, she caught at the bait, saying, how glad she would be of such an opportunity to play you off, and turn the laugh against you.

Marcella. Then she's determined to receive me under my brother's name, as you hinted to her.

Polly. O yes, Ma'm—I managed it just as you bid me.

Marcella (overjoyed). How lucky! that is all I wanted.

S O N G, by MARCELLA.

*Ah Cupid, attend us!
For once come befriend us,
And aid this deceit for my brother:
With raptures and darts,
Transfix both their hearts,
And make them both pleas'd with each other.*

Polly. Your brother, Ma'm!—you quite surprise me—how will he succeed by your attaining my lady's affections in his character, though you were as like as two peas?

Marcella. It was unnecessary to let you into the whole of my plot until you thus far succeeded; but I must now tell you, *Polly*, that I am not to appear in your lady's presence at all.

Polly. How then, Ma'am?

Marcella. You know my brother is just returned from his regiment in America, to recruit in this neighbourhood.

Polly. O Ma'm! I hear the recruiting party is come already to the *Cat and Fiddle*, and I'll be bound for it, will be soon carousing with Doctor Quack the apothecary, Mr. Gauge the exciseman, and all the rest of the neighbours.

Marcella. So much the better.—I've often heard my brother lavish in the praise of Lady Bloomingdale, whom he once saw at court, before she became a widow.

Polly. And did she ever take notice of him, Ma'm?

Marcella. No, they are not even acquainted:—but my brother has a pleasing figure and address; *she* has infinite charms and equal merit, and they are
of

of an age to form a predilection for each other—
their estates join, and I wish him to be settled.

Polly. But I fear she'll never receive his visits,
as a lover, Ma'am.

Marcella. Patience, girl—I wrote to my brother
to obtain a letter of recommendation in his own behalf from
her uncle the General. I expect him here this very day:
—your lady, from what you have been telling her,
will of course have no suspicion, but take him for a
woman, and the manner of her reception will more
readily contribute to disclose their mutual sentiments
for each other.

Polly. I declare I like it vastly!—but pray,
Ma'am, is your brother acquainted with this strata-
gem?

Marcella. O that's unnecessary—I have contrived
an interview, and let their hearts do the rest; I will
remain in this village, and you'll occasionally bring
me an account of all that passes.

Polly. And if your brother should fall in my way,
Ma'm,——

Marcella. What does that signify, if you don't
come to an explanation? but 'tis your business to
avoid meeting him.

Polly. Oh, let me alone, Ma'm—I'll be on my
guard, and play my part, I'll be bound for it.

S O N G, by POLLY.

*I warrant, Ma'm, I understand
The cunning plots that you have plann'd,
And still will give a helping hand
To bring it to perfection:
I'll keep my mistress in disguise;
And tell him such a pack of lies,
They'll both each other's hearts surprise
Before we meet detection.*

Enter

Enter VILLARS.

Villars. So, Polly—is my sister visible yet?

Polly. Yes, Sir—this some time.

Villars (seeing Marcella). Who is this charming pretty girl, pray?

Polly. Sir, it is—it is—it is—

Villars. It is—who, pray?

Polly. I beg pardon, Sir—but—but—she—she is my cousin.

Villars. Why do you ask my pardon, girl?

Polly. Sir—it is because—because in most houses they are not pleased to have servants bring their friends or relations about them—and I would not for the world—

Villars. O, not at all—it gives no offence here—particularly where so beautiful a visitor is in question.

Marcella (courtesying awkwardly). I am very thankful to you, Sir.

Villars. What an innocent lovely creature!—
(*Aside*)—Where do you come from, my dear?

Marcella (timidly). Sir, I came from a place about twenty miles from this.

Villars. And where are you going, and what business do you follow?

Polly. O, Sir, she was going—she was going—to my late mistress, in search of me, Sir.

Villars. What to do?

Marcella. As *Madam Marcella* was always very good to me, Sir,—

Villars. O, you know Miss Belmor then.

Marcella. Yes, Sir, my own mother nursed her, and I have mostly lived at her house.—I only left her to visit some friends in the neighbouring county, (who are, alas, no more) and was returning to throw myself once more on her bounty, when I heard my
cousin.

cousin left her service, and so called upon her *here*—
No offence I hope, Sir?—(*innocently.*)

Villars. Not in the least, my dear.—Polly, I desire you'll take care of your relation, and let her stay with you as long as she chuses—what a beautiful girl!

S O N G, by VILLARS.

*So just a form! so sweet a face,
With such a modest-winning grace!
Must each beholder seize:
And like the lily of the vale!
Join'd with the blushing rose, exhale
More fragrant charms to please.*

Marcella. I thank you kindly for your goodness, Sir—(*bashfully.*)

Villars. There's no occasion, child—I'm happy in being of service to every body; but as you have lost your friends, you have a double claim to the sympathetic feelings of humanity!—therefore I desire, Polly, that you'll take as much care of this young woman, as if she was your own child.

Polly. Yes, please your honour.

Villars. Let her always live with you, if she likes it.

Polly. Yes, please your honour.

Marcella. Indeed, kind Sir, I am deeply affected with your goodness of heart.

Villars (*with animation*). But why so—it is a matter of course, for can there be a more interesting object to a susceptible mind, than beauty in distress, and unprotected?

Polly. Those are sentiments worthy of yourself, Sir.

Villars. Take charge of her therefore, Polly, and see that she only gets such employment as will dissipate her grief without fatiguing her.

Polly.

Polly (passing Marcella). Rely upon me, Sir—Come, cousin, thank the gentleman, and follow me.

Marcella and Polly retiring.

Polly. He is fairly taken, faith—(*Aside.*)

Marcella. He is very amiable—(*Aside.*)

Villars. And believe me, that I will do my utmost to render your misfortunes easy to you, and to make you bless the hour that brought you this way.

Marcella. Ah, Sir!—I believe I never shall forget it—(*Half aside.*)

Polly. Come, cousin—we tire the gentleman.

Villars. No, Polly, go order a repast to be prepared for her, and then come back and take her with you.

Marcella. Permit me to go with her now, Sir.

Villars. Why so, my dear?

Marcella. Because, Sir, Madam Marcella taught me sense enough to know, that a propriety of conduct as well as sentiment were the two principal qualities in a modest woman.—Permit me then, Sir, to put her lessons in practice, by not staying alone with you.—Adieu, Sir.

Villars. Stop one minnte.—What's your name, pray?

Marcella (hesitating.) Name, Sir!—I am called—I am called—

Villars. You're not ashamed of it, I hope?

Marcella. Pardon me, Sir.

S O N G.

My name, kind Sir, is Mary-Anne!

My father was a labouring man,

Who work'd for honest bread:

My mother too, as good as he,

Rear'd me the maiden that you see:

But now, alas! they're dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Hall of the Castle.

Enter JONATHEN, in a travelling livery, half soldier, half servant.

Jonathen. Swamp me now but this is a vile serpent of a place, and looks for all the world like an old fortification.

Enter VILLARS.

Villars. Who are you, friend—and what do you want here?

Jonathen (*speaks fast*). I came from America—but last from London.—I am twenty-five years old, and my name is Jonathan—and I want some of the people of this house.

Villars. Very laconic indeed, Mr. Jonathen.

Jonathen. To tell them that my *mistress* is near at hand.

Villars. And who's your *mistress*, pray?

Jonathen. No, no, I *vow* now thou'lt got the wrong end of the *sparrowgras*—it ayn't my *mistress*, but my MASTER I mean—What a booby I make of myself!

Villars. Well, who is your master then?

Jonathen. I *vow* now I thought you knew that!—and that his Honour, with Serjeant Drill and Corporal Squib, were coming here to recruit.

Villars. Not I, who is he?

Jonathen. Captain Belmor—as good a man, I swear for it, as ever eat a cod's head and chowder!

Villars. O, you live with Captain Belmor, do you?

Jonathen. Yes, and would for ever, if he wasn't worth a copper.

SONG,

SONG, by JONATHEN. (Air, Yankee Tune.)

1.

*He found me in a country now famous in story,
For losing the substance, for the shadow of glory!
And I amongst the legions to Britain true, and loyal,
There ventur'd life and all, to prop the standard
royal.*

*Bow, wow, wow, full lall de rall,
De didy bow, wow, wow.*

2.

*Before the curs'd days of our warlike ambition,
All Europe might envy our happy condition!
While commerce and freedom with rich cultivation
Crown'd the blessings of peace in each town and plan-
tation.*

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

3.

*And now free from care and the wealth that bewitches,
My all's on my back, and my knapsack's my riches:
Contented in serving my king and my master,
I thank my kind stars for each former disaster.*

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Villars. You're a merry contented fellow, Mr. Jonathen—but when will your master be here?

Jonathen. In the tinkling of a bell.—(*The castle-gate bell rings.*)—This must be his Honour sure now.

Villars. Then I'll go meet him.

Jonathen. You may spare yourself that toil—for here he comes.

Enter

Enter CAPTAIN BELMOR, in a riding frock.

Villars. I am sure, Sir, I am greatly indebted to chance—for that only could have brought you to this gloomy solitude.

Belmor. Your pardon, Sir, my journey was premeditated, and I should have been much disappointed in not having found you at home.

Villars. Am I fortunate enough to be of any service to you, Sir?

Belmor. I have a letter to deliver you—*(searches for it.)*

Villars. Whoever it is from, I owe him many obligations, since it procures me the honour of your acquaintance.

Belmor. It is from your uncle, Sir, who was obliging enough to intrust me with it—*(delivering it.)*

Villars. O, it is from the General; and how does he do, good Sir?

Belmor. Extremely well! and professing every regard for his niece and nephew.

Villars. We are not behind hand with him—Give me leave, Sir—*(reading the letter)*—O, Sir, it is a letter of recommendation I find, and a gentleman of your appearance never requires it.

Belmor. O, dear Sir!

Villars. We are infinitely obliged to my uncle for this introduction—but I am afraid you'll be tired to death of this obscure retreat—which belongs to my sister, and who can't bear the *society of men*.

Jonathan (laughing.) That's very odd—I swear now—for we are come here to *bundle with her*.

Villars. *Bundle with her!*—

Belmor. Peace, Sirrah!—none of your American phrases!

Villars. What do you find so odd, friend?

Jonathan. O, Sir, because the women in my country loves them as much as the squirrels do nuts.

C

Belmor.

14 A MATCH FOR A WIDOW;

Belmor. Silence, you blockhead;—but is this dislike as violent as reported?

Villars. So unconquerable, that I fear even her uncle's solicitation will scarcely obtain you the permission to be an instant in her company.

Jonathen. How comical this is——Hah, hah, hah.

Belmor. Will you hold your tongue, fool!

Jonathen. Then I must stand here like a stuck pig without squeaking—but if that gentleman there would shew me your chamber, I'd prepare your things to dress.

Villars. Ring the bell, my friend.

Jonathen. With all my heart now—for that will please my mistress—my master I mean, for he loves his twilight like a lady—(looking awkwardly about for the bell-string.)

Belmor. There's the string in the corner, you awkward fool, you.—(Jonathen rings the bell.)

Enter a SERVANT.

Villars. Here, John, conduct this young man to the General's apartment—where his master is to lie.

[*Exeunt Servant and Jonathen.*]

Belmor. You will be surprised perhaps at my keeping such a simpleton—but he is a brave honest loyalist that attached himself to me in America—and having lost his all in our cause, and knowing his integrity, I bear with his ignorance.

Villars. O, he has partly told me his story already.

Belmor. But, to return to our former subject, I hope to vanquish Lady Bloomingdale's aversion to our sex by my love and perseverance——Will you therefore be my messenger of peace, and present me to her?

Villars.

Villars. I fear it will be labour in vain, but I will exert my best endeavours for you.

Belmor. Then permit me to make myself a little decent after my journey, and then I'll pay my respects to her.

Villars. If you please, Sir—I'll shew you to your dressing-room, and then go upon my embassy—though I fear my best endeavours will not prevail.

Belmor. But if you succeed you'll make me the happiest of men.

S O N G, by BELMOR.

1.

*For then I'll kneel at beauty's shrine!
Aspiring fame, and power resign,
Though glory's voice should call!
Nor can the trumpet's sound allure.
If love, a conquest would insure
I prize above them all.*

2.

*Then from the noisy world retir'd
(With her above the world admir'd)
I'd share domestic charms!
Propitious fate my hopes would crown,
Her smiles should be my sole renown,
My circling wreath, her arms.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another Apartment.

Enter VILLARS, calling Polly.

(*Polly looks in before she enters.*)

Polly. What would you please to say, Sir?

Villars. Where is your lovely little cousin?

C. 2.

Polly.

Polly (archly). Oh, was it for *that* you called me, Sir?

Villars. No, no, where is my sister? I must speak with her immediately.

Polly. She is just gone to walk in the garden, Sir,——

Villars. Well, listen to me, Polly!

Polly (archly). Yes, Sir, I'm all attention.——
Well, Sir.

Villars. O, nothing—but—but——

Polly. Yes, Sir, I understand you—poor fellow—he has it faith—over head and ears—(*Half aside.*)

Villars (musing). The jade is making a sport of me—But let me consider—my uncle says he wishes this double alliance—he has often spoke to me about visiting Marcella Belmor—but it won't do—the misanthropy of my sister—*Mary-Anne's* arrival——
In short, I don't think my sister or I will be married for some time.——Well, Polly, 'tis no matter.

Polly. O no, Sir, 'tis no matter.

S O N G, by POLLY.

*I see, my good Sir, by your manner,
You're lifted by love to his banner!
And like a recruit sent a drilling—
You're awkward I find, tho' your willing.
But Cupid shall muster his charms,
And beat up your bosom to arms!
Then, then, we shall see, how gallant you'll be,
And ready to meet his alarms.*

[*Exeunt* Polly, laughing.]

SCENE

SCENE, a Garden open to the country.

LADY BLOOMINGDALE, discovered coming out of an Alcove.

S O N G.

*Yes here, still entomb'd in my breast,
His false, yet lov'd image remains!
But ah! can I say quite at rest?
While thus my fond bosom complains,
But rest, here content with thy doom,
Nor make me more wretched, dear shade!
For thou shalt still lodge in this tomb
Till death my poor heart shall invade.*

Enter VILLARS.

Villars. Still solitary and dejected, Sister!——
But come read this letter, and dictate an answer for
me—(*delivering the letter*).

Lady Bloom. (*smiling as she reads it.*)

Villars. Well, Sister.

Lady Bloom. Well, Brother, my uncle's recommendation must ever influence me—I am therefore ready to receive his friend.

Villars. I am delighted to hear you say so—for he is a charming fellow—but won't it break your vow?

Lady Bloom. No, this visit won't perjure me—I assure you.

Villars. No!—explain yourself.

Lady Bloom. This young gentleman who is thus strongly recommended by the General——

Villars. Well——

Lady Bloom. Is nothing less than Marcella Belmor, our so much celebrated charming neighbour——

Villars. It can't be.

Lady Bloom. It is true, I assure you—*Polly*, who lived with her before she came into my service, in confidence told me of her project.

Villars. What project?

Lady Bloom. To make me break my vow, turn me into ridicule—by falling in love with her in man's cloaths in the character of her brother,

Villars. And can you suspect the General capable of being a confederate in such a device?

Lady Bloom. Not in the least—she got her brother to obtain a letter of recommendation as for himself, and she this day makes use of it to execute her design.

Villars. It is very likely, faith!—for the servant (who is a kind of an American simpleton), called her madam, in my presence.

Lady Bloom. Nothing is more certain, believe me—but we must contrive, Brother, to play her off between us, and convince her, tho' she's so mightily clever, that we shall be a-match for all her artifice.

Villars. Never fear, Sister, we will pay her off in her own coin—though she has got her brother's recruiting party to come here to help her, in carrying on the delusion.

QUARTETTO.

Villars. We'll fairly get round her,
And plague and confound her,
For such an arch trick of deception!

L. Bloom. I'll look fond and sighing—
And seem quite complying!
Pretending a mutual affection;

Villars. And then for to fright her.

L. Bloom. O challenge and fight her!
And set all her nerves in a tremble!

Both. Thus, thus we'll torment her,
And soon circumvent her—
For daring with us to dissemble.

Enter.

Enter POLLY, (Adam following).

Polly. *I'd speak with you, Madam;*

Villars. *And here comes old Adam*

L. Bloom. *But what in the castle now passes?*

Polly. *My business is private,*

Adam. *And mine you'll arrive at;*

This yankee wants pork and molasses!

L. Bloom. *The pantry and cellar,*

Adam. *Give up to this fellow,*

L. Bloom. *Yes, all that his wishes require*

Villars. *Be sober and steady,*

Adam. *I'll get the feast ready;*

Polly. *Dear Madam, pray let us retire.*

[Exeunt.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE, the Tap-room in the Village Inn, the Landlord, Doctor Quack, Gauge, Adam, Serjeant Drill, and others, discovered.—Ale, punch, pipes, and tobacco, spread on the table.—Rules of the club hung up.

SONG, by ADAM.

I.

WOULD you know how the time in our club
rolls along,
Bring hither your tankard, your joke, and your song;
Then come and be merry, my social wet souls,
Here's ale bright as nectar, and punch in our bowls!
A pipe and good humour still keep us in tune,
And we smoke, laugh, and drink, from December to
June.

A pipe and good humour, &c.

2.

The cares of ambition, and ruling the state,
We leave to the proud, to the venal, and great!
Who scramble for honour's promotions and wealth,
To lose peace of mind, and the comforts of health!
But here quite contented, we ask but this boon,
To smoke, laugh, and drink, from December to June.

But here quite contented, &c.

Gauge. Come, Serjeant Drill, give me your hand,
and push about the jug, you're a king's officer like
me, and therefore fit company for a prince.

Landlord.

Landlord. You've been at the castle then, and saw your Captain.

Drill. Aye! and a sweet gentleman he is, and as brave as ever fired a platoon.

Adam. Then I wish he was married to our lady: O, what rare doings we should have at the old mansion!

Gauge (to the Landlord). Come, jolly my boy—let us have some more of this ale—it is a nice tap, e'faith—is in't it, Doctor Quack, excellent stingo?

Quack. Yes, the ale's well enough, Mr. Gauge—but curse the tobacco, it must be some of the damned stuff parliament *let's em grow in Ireland!*

Gauge. You've tasted better in *Virginia*, Mr. Serjeant—you've been in the wars you said.

Drill. Wars! aye and rumours of wars—Yes, yes, and I've been in America, all over it—often landed up to my neck in hot water, and fought many a day in the pure air of powder, smoke, and brimstone!—and I remember at the *battle of Brandy and Wine.*

Landlord. *Brandy and Wine*, e'cod, Serjeant, I could like to have been at that battle myself—

Quack. O, curse long stories, they make me yawn—let's drink about, here's the king's health.

Drill. Aye, God bless him—he's a good master, if he'd but make the *big wigs* give the poor soldiers better pay.

Quack. Give you better pay—I bar that, when you know, Mr. Exciseman, how we're taxed already—and if I was a minister—

Gauge. You minister—what, to Doctor the constitution as you do your patients—by killing them.

Quack. No reflections on my calling, if you please, Mr. Gauge.

Landlord. Egad, Serjeant, we shall have rare fun just now—the Doctor and the Exciseman are stout hands at an argument, and never give up to each other.

Adam.

Adam. Come let us have no politics—for disputing as usual will end in broken heads, and the Doctor of course have the best of the argument, by healing them, and so, Mr. Doctor, give your song instead of your argument.

Quack. Aye, that I will, for I'm not in a quarrelsome mood.

S O N G, by QUACK.

1.

*When I was an apprentice-lad
All in a druggist's shop!
I look'd like death, as mute and sad!
And wore my hair a crop:
Drugs of all kinds we made and sold
For people sick and well!
And all the while our mortar toll'd—
Just like a funeral knell.*

2.

*From morn 'till night I work'd like scrub
Thro' this laborious life!
The bit, the buffet, and the saub,
I got from master's wife.
No pence or pastime could I find,
I'd such a deal to do!
My master's matters I'd to mind,
And sauh his lady's too.*

3.

*But since a doctor I'm become,
I've time to draw my breath!
Behind my back the fees I thumb,
And talk the folks to death.
I visit now the gentry folk,
With lancet, purge and pill,
Have got a licence, wig and cloak,
To either cure or kill.*

Enter.

Enter a Boy, delivers a Letter to QUACK.

Quack. Gad's me, gentlemen, I must beg pardon and leave you in post-haste—Here's an express from *Num-scull-hall*—the squire's eldest son has broke his neck, hunting a drag.

Drill. And you're sent for to recover him, Doctor——

Quack. Whether I do or no, I shall get my fee—which I have dearly earned by hard service and long practice. [Exit Quack.]

Gauge. And now's my time—I'll take care of your wife in your absence—(*Aside*)—There he goes—a simpleton of a fellow.

Adam. No matter, Master Gauge—he's very useful to this neighbourhood, and belongs to a profession that is an honour to humanity!

Gauge. But, come, gentlemen—it grows late—time to break up—Mr. Serjeant, give's your song to conclude the evening.

Drill. With all hearts—if you'll bear a bob in chorus.

S O N G, by SERJEANT DRILL.

1.

*I love your jovial frolicsome folk,
That crack their bottle, and sport their joke,
And thus puff away all disputes like smoke,
And I like good humour well, well,
And I like good humour well.*

2.

*And when I'm merry as any grig,
I'm ready to fly or dance a jig!
And think no monarch half so big,
And I like my bottle well, &c.
Then*

24 A MATCH FOR A WIDOW;

*Then to my love I run to be snug,
To fondle all night, to touzle and hug!
And kiss her as much as I now do my jug.
And I like my sweetheart well, &c.*
[Scene closes.]

SCENE changes to Lady Bloomingdale's Library,
Chairs, Tables, &c.

LADY BLOOMINGDALE and POLLY.

Polly. O, Madam, Madam—Miss Marcella Belmor, the female captain's, come at last—I saw her this instant.

Lady Bloom. Keep out of the way then, for if she sees you, all will be discovered.

Polly. Never fear, Ma'm—O lud! she looks delightfully as a man!

Lady Bloom. So my brother told me—but I hear them coming.

Polly. Then I'll fly—now for it, I think it will do. [Exit.

Lady Bloom. Now if I don't fit my young lady for her tricks, say I'm no woman.

Enter VILLARS and BELMOR, the latter in his uniform.

Villars. Sister, permit me to present Captain Belmor to you——

Belmor. What a beautiful woman!—(Aside).

Lady Bloom. What a lovely girl!—(Aside).

Villars. So prepossessing a figure you'll allow had no occasion for a recommendatory letter—but must be well received every where.

Belmor. I owe my friend, the General, many obligations, Ma'm, for having thus obtained me the honour of paying my personal respects to you.

Lady

Lady Bloom. It is an interview that I am afraid will be of little advantage to you, Sir.

Belmor. We need only have eyes to admire your charms—but with a heart to feel their power one cannot resist being their victim!

Lady Bloom. Pretty well for a beginning this!—*(Aside)*—No flattery if you please—it has not yet corrupted our honest retreat, and I should be displeased, to see it come amongst us.

Belmor. To praise the beauty one adores, expresses the sentiments it inspires—do you call that flattery?

Villars. My sister says what is right—we are friends to liberty and frankness, I'll tell you the custom of the place, and you'll conform to it accordingly if you wish to continue with us.

S O N G, by VILLARS.

*No ceremony here you'll find,
But all that's social, free, and kind!
The park or castle to amuse,
I'll yield whatever sports you chuse!
Repose at ease, or freely roam—
And always feel yourself at home,
In friendship join'd like hand in glove,
But never speak a word of love.*

Belmor. I like every thing but the last condition.

Villars. If you fail however in a strict observation of it, you must abide by the consequences—as to liberty, I leave you alone with my sister, by which you'll see there is no restraint amongst us, so good by for a while.

Lady Bloom. *(aside to Villars).* How well she appears in this character!

Villars *(aside).* I am afraid it won't be intirely to your liking, Sister—*(going).*

D

Belmor.

Belmor. Sir—I—I—I——

Villars. O, I see what you'd be at—you forgot to salute her on coming in.

Belmor. Sir, I hope I know better than——

Villars. You bashful creature, you, come up to her, man.

Belmor. This Honour——

Villars. Sister, go kiss him yourself then, for he'll never do it of his own accord.

Lady Bloom. O, with all my heart.

[*Lady Bloomingdale having kissed Belmor, he stands awkwardly surprised, while they laugh at him.*]

Belmor. What can be the meaning of this?

Lady Bloom. You're astonished, I suppose——

Belmor. I confess I am, very much so.

Villars. But you'll be more surprised yet, I can tell you—Sister, keep it up. [Exit.]

Belmor (after a pause). *I'm in a very embarrassing situation!*

Lady Bloom. Indeed—so you confess it, do you?

Belmor. It is quite new to me.

Lady Bloom. I believe you—and yet one would not imagine so by your easy behaviour.

Belmor. Your brother's injunctions and your conduct are so very contradictory.

Lady Bloom. In what particular?

Belmor. You permit me to see you, he leaves me alone with you, and yet I am prohibited from making love to you.

Lady Bloom. Because he is an avowed enemy to falsehood.

Belmor. To confess a passion for you, is not swerving from truth!

Lady Bloom. That intirely depends upon the kind of person.

Belmor. The kind of person!—am I so disgusting then?

Lady

Lady Bloom. I don't think so—but if you declared a passion for me, I should laugh in your face,

Belmor. What!—do you think me insensible then?

Lady Bloom. You haven't the least appearance of it—(archly)

Belmor. And why should you doubt my love then?

Lady Bloom. Because I never can believe impossibilities.

Belmor. Impossibilities!—how little you know my heart!

Lady Bloom. Poor lady—but I must tease her a little more—(aside)—Perhaps I know you better than you imagine—(significantly).

Belmor. Believe me, I never till now felt such a passion as you inspire me with——

Lady Bloom. That's very possible!

Belmor. The first look penetrated my heart.

Lady Bloom. Indeed!—(archly).

Belmor. And now I can't live without you.

Lady Bloom. (laughing). O, Heavens! do you know you act your part very naturally!

Belmor. Have you the least doubt of me?

Lady Bloom. No, no—I have not the least doubt of what you are, I assure you.

Belmor. Then you don't look upon me as one of those roving male coquets that——

Lady Bloom. I take you for one of those kind of men—not I, believe me—I should have lived to very little purpose indeed if I had!

D U E T.

LADY BLOOMINGDALE.

I.

Tho' some macaronies we see now and then,
Whom Nature design'd more for women than men,

D 2

Assume

*Assume the soft manners, and languishing air !
Which beauty alone is permitted to wear !
So if they were stript of the breeches and boot,
A petticoat better those fribbles wou'd suit.*

BELMOR.

2.

*And fashion has so metamorphos'd your race,
'Tis hard to distinguish the fair, by their face !
For 'stead of the modest deportment of old,
There's some are so masculine, dashing and bold !
Our dress and behaviour at once to dispute,
That faith they seem fit for the breeches to boot.*

LADY BLOOMINGDALE.

Thus man acts the woman,

BELMOR.

And woman the man ;

BOTH.

To counteract nature as much as both can.

Belmor. But as you are thus pleased to conceive
so good an opinion of me—I am resolved to attempt
every project to gain your confidence.

Lady Bloom. Now, I really believe you—for I
know you speak truth.

Belmor (kneeling). Yes, Madam, and at your feet
I vow, my heart shall be as constant as it is tender
and sincere.

Lady Bloom. As to that too, I equally believe
you.

Belmor. Then decide my fate.

Lady Bloom. I'll own to you that I think you
charming and agreeable.

Belmor.

Belmor (surprised). Madam!

Lady Bloom. (patting him on the head). But as to real love, you'll never inspire me with it as long as you live.

Belmor (rising). Just Heaven!

Lady Bloom. I'm very cruel, ay'nt I now?—Faith I feel such a strange sensation in my heart, that I declare I almost wish *she* was a man!—(*aside*)—but I must send my brother to you, perhaps his company will suit you better than mine; you know the conditions on which he left us together, you forgot one, and I am going to profit by the other, to finish a conversation equally unfit for both of us.

[*Exit, laughing.*]

Belmor (manet). What a strange mixture of good sense, incredulity and beauty—I much fear that my sister, by endeavouring to make me happy, has only made the rest of my days more unfortunate; and yet if I could obtain her hand—

SONG, by BELMOR.

1.

*Dear Venus, oh send me the god of desire;
The fair that I love, with my love to inspire!
Dissolve her ic'd heart with the warmth of my flame,
And make both our hopes and our wishes the same.*

2.

*What mutual-blest transports that youth's doom'd to
share,
Who loves, and is lov'd by so charming a fair!
To win and possess her is rapture extreme;
Then make both our hopes, and our wishes the same.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to the Club Room.

Enter DRILL, and CORPORAL SQUIB, with his knapsack on.

Drill. So, Corporal Squib, you're come at last—what kept you behind us, pray?—the Captain asked for you—some pretty girl on the road, I suppose; or at your old tricks of humbugging the people as you came along, eh?

Squib. I'll tell you another time what detained me—but come, Serjeant, give me my billet—for I'm both hungry and tired, faith.

Drill. Here it is, Jack, and an excellent quarter, believe me—but hold, don't budge a foot till you take a pot; there's damn'd good ale in this shop.

Squib. So, as usual, you keep the best billet to yourself, Serjeant—but who's mine on?

Drill. Mr. Quack, the apothecary, in the middle of the village—you'll easily find it—but don't let me hear of any of your strange pranks and adventures in the morning as usual.

Squib. Not, unless I've a kind landlady, Serjeant, or a recruit in my eye.

Drill. Aye, or any where else—you're a match for either of them, I warrant you.

S O N G, by SQUIB.

I.

*Yes, there you'll own
My parts are shewn,
To all the men and women known,
Where'er I go
I wheedle so—
They gather round me in a row,*

The

*The girls I smack, the lads I gull,
With stories of a cock and bull;
And 'tis oh what fine recruits I raise!
And thus myself and captain please.*

2.

*I charm their hearts
With foreign parts,
And brag of killing, flames, and darts,
The battles fought,
The plunder caught,
And all the deeds my valour wrought.*

Da capo. *{ The girls I smack, the lads I gull,
With stories of a cock and bull;
And 'tis oh what fine recruits I raise!
And thus myself and captain please.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Castle.

MARCELLA discovered as from reading.

Enter POLLY.

Marcella. Well, dear Polly, have you been listening to their first interview!

Polly. Yes, Ma'm, and every thing succeeds to our wishes—they are both delighted with each other—but my mistress is of course not over pleased with your supposed imposition on her.

Marcella. We must expect that—'till a discovery takes place.

Polly. And should our present device fail—I have a better scheme in petto, which I'll not even communicate to you, until necessary—But have you met Mr. Villars since we parted?

Marcella.

Marcella. Yes, for a moment ; and I must own to you, Polly, that he has taken entire possession of my heart, there is such a delicacy in all his manners and conversation.

Polly. Well, Madam, I see what all this will end in—you're as good a providore for *yourself* as for your *brother*.

Marcella. Fie! Polly, how can you talk so foolish?

S O N G, by POLLY.

(Tune, *The Major*.)

*And so, my young lady, you're thus come a wooing,
To catch a fond turtle for billing and cooing !
And sure since you have neither father or mother—
'Tis fit you should love and take care of each other.
His birth and his wealth are the least of his merit,
And you equal gifts for to bless him inherit !
I therefore must hope I'll soon dance at your wedding,
And go fling the stocking at night when you're bed-
ding.*

D acapo. (The four first lines.)

*The widow shall throw off her grief with her mourn-
ing,
Your brother and her, love for love then returning !
'Tis O what rare doings we'll have in both houses,
And such merry pranks with our wives and their
spouses.*

Da capo. (The first four lines to conclude the song.)

[Exit Polly, Marcella retiring.]

Enter.

Enter VILLARS, following MARCELLA.

Villars. Stay, Mary-Anne, stay, I beg of you—why do you shun me thus—need you be under any apprehension from me?

Marcella. It isn't *you* I'm endeavouring to avoid, Sir—but I hear my young master is arrived at the Castle.

Villars. And what objection have you to seeing him, my dear?

Marcella. Ah! Sir, though 'tis some time since we saw each other, I never can forget.

Villars (with solicitude). What, Mary-Anne, love hasn't engaged your heart to him, I hope?

Marcella. No, believe me, Sir—but his affectionate goodness to me when at home—Indeed he behaved to me always more like a *brother* than a lover—and yet some how or other I'm sure I shall be in tears when we meet.

Villars. I am glad however that she talks of gratitude alone—(*aside*)—but suppose it is not Belmor, but his *sister*, that is our visitor now.

Marcella. Indeed, Sir, I always have a particular pleasure in looking at *his sister*.

Villars. Then to give you more confidence, I must acquaint you (if Polly hasn't been before hand with me) that it is not the Captain, but Miss Belmor herself, that we have now *here* in disguise.

Marcella. Do you really say so, Sir?—but 'tis very possible, for I've often known her dress herself up in her brother's regimentals, by way of a frolic, as she called it, to kill the girls; and she made the smartest officer! —

Villars. And so she appears now, I assure you, Mary-Anne.

Marcella. But I must beg, Sir, for particular reasons (which I will tell you of to-morrow) not to mention my *name* to her this day, on any account.

Villars

Villars. Your wishes, Mary-Anne, will always come as commands to me, be your motive whatever it may.

Marcella. But tell me how you like her, Sir?

Villars. Why, Mary-Anne, from your character of Miss Belmor, I should have thought her all sentiment and softness!—but there's something so masculine and of the amazon about her, that I believe you not only robb'd her of all her beauty, but likewise her gentleness of manner.

Marcella. I'm in a pretty dilemma truly—to have my lover abuse me to my face, under the mask of compliment—(*aside.*)

Villars. She's a termagant I'll answer for her, and woe be to the man that gets her for a wife!

Marcella. You'd be glad to have her for all that—(*aside*)—I thought I knew her very well, Sir—but how often we deceive ourselves!

Villars. I dare say, there's no *manly* feat but she's equal to.

Marcella. No, nor *woman's* either!—(*aside.*)

Villars. What a contrast between you and her.

Marcella. And yet we are very much alike!—(*aside.*)

Villars. Ah! Mary-Anne, if you but knew the regard I have for you.

D U E T.

VILLARS.

No flame that beauty's power can raise,

Glow's with so constant, pure a blaze!

And when I meet such worth to prize,

Birth, rank, and riches I despise.

MARCELLA.

My heart retains a grateful sense,

Of all the goodness your's dispense,

And!

*And when with fortune merit's found,
It makes high station more renown'd.*

VILLARS.

*And were I monarch on a throne,
You as my queen of love I'd own:*

MARCELLA.

*And sure the empress of Peru,
Might chuse a partner such as you.*

Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Hall in the Castle.

Enter ADAM and JONATHEN.

Adam. And so, Mr. Jonathen, you say that your country is better than ours.

Jonathen. Aye, that it is, I swear for it—much finer, more abundant, larger and more like a world than yours—and what's better, the people ayn't half so wicked, or given to Belzebub, as you are.

Adam. Aye—how do you make that out?

Jonathen. O, you laugh at us, because we are sage and pious—Do you know, Mr. Adam, that if an unclean creature, or any wanton beast were seen to frisk it with their mates on the sabbath, *swamp me* but our *select men* would put them in pound for it.

Adam. Indeed, Mr. Jonathen——Hah, hah, hah!——

Jonathen. Aye, that they would, or clap a man in the stocks, if he offered to kiss his own wife in church time!

Adam. O, then both you and nature have a great deal of liberty, I see, in New England.

Jonathen.

Jonathen. Aye, liberty enough—if we knew how to use it ; but we don't call a spade, a spade, as you sinners do here.

Adam. No——how then ?

Jonathen. No, we are more chaste in our thoughts and words, I vow now, than you vile serpents here.

Adam. Why shou'dn't things be distinguished by their proper names, pray ?

Jonathen. Yes, yes, now and then—but I think a *doodle of bay*, more decent than to call a thing a *cock of bay*, swamp me.

Adam. Aye, and bundling, an excellent screen for worse.

Jonathen. O, I have now lost all the grace and goodness dad and mammy taught me.

S O N G, by JONATHEN.

(Tune, *Yankee doodle.*)

I.

For when I dwelt in *Boston bay*
 I liv'd in peace and plenty !
 I spoke no ill nor went astray,
 No, scarce one time in twenty ;
 My life was like my conscience clear
 From Monday night to Monday,
 And once I stove a cask of beer,
 Because it work'd on Sunday.

Yankee, doodle, doodle, yankee doodle dandy,
Both night and day I'd work and pray,
At every thing quite handy.

2.

To till my farm in proper time,
 Oh how the plough wou'd trundle,
 There with the lasses thought no crime
 To take a bit of bundle ;

And

*And when I got in harvest home
My corn-cobs, hay, and timber!
I ventur'd then at sea to roam,
And fish about Cape Member.*

Yankee doodle, &c.

3.

*But since I came to Britain's shore,
I've lost all sense of shame now!
I drink, I swear, I rant and roar,
And call things by their name now;
In Sabbath time I sport or work,
And with the damsels romp me;
O, ayn't I grown a sinful Turk!
And gone to Satan, swamp me.*

Yankee doodle, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another Apartment.

Enter BELMOR and POLLY.

Belmor. Why, my sister never wrote me word that you had left her service, Polly.

Polly. Oh, Sir, it was on a very trifling occasion; and to prove that I regard the family as much as ever, and wish myself restored to her good graces—if you'll follow my advice, I'll soon secure you possession of my lady.

Belmor. You were always a girl of great ingenuity—let me hear your stratagem, Polly.

Polly. I know her disposition so well, Sir—and her suspicion of mankind, that you'll never succeed in the common way.

Belmor. How then?

Polly. There is something very romantic and singular in her character—but if you'll venture in

E

the

the morning, just at day-light, I'll let you into her dressing-room next the bed-chamber.

Belmor. O fie, Polly—this is a breach of confidence and hospitality that I never can agree to—but why at day-break ?

Polly. O, Sir, you don't understand me, I find—I know you are too much a man of honour to make a bad use of my confidence—what I mean is, that just at break of day your recruiting party, with some music, with the marrow-bones and cleavers, should come under the window as if to salute you on your supposed wedding with my lady.

Belmor. Well! and what then ?

Polly. Why, Sir, you need only shew yourself at the window wrapt up in your night-cap and robe de chambre, and leave the rest to me—I'll send Jonathen to call you in proper time.

Belmor. But won't your Mistress be offended at their artifice, and dismiss me for my impudence ?

Polly. O, Sir, she's so delicately nice of her honour, that I'll answer for your success, as there will be no getting over appearances.

Belmor. Well, if you accomplish this I'll make your fortune, Polly—but what shall we do for music, besides my drum and fife ?

Polly. I'll tell you, Sir——

S O N G, by POLLY.

I.

*We've the hautboys here, and fiddlers blind,
And flutes we'll in the village find,
And as for bones and cleavers too,
The village swains will wait on you.*

*With merry song, with pipe and horn!
And while they sing the bells shall ring,
And hail with the sun your bridal morn.*

Those

2.

*Those willing lads in concert all,
Are ready at a moment's call,
And if your courage does the rest,
You'll soon be with my lady blest.*

*With merry song, with pipe and horn!
And while they sing the bells shall ring,
And hail with the sun your bridal morn.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Doctor Quack's Shop.

Enter SQUIB, Mrs. QUACK, and BIDDY after SQUIB.

Squib. I have one comfort however, that should I be taken ill, I shan't want physic enough to cure me—I beg pardon, Ma'm, for this late visit, but we foldiers don't know our own hours, and I've got a billet on you.

Mrs. Quack. O, billet on us!—then you shan't make use of it here—we sell no liquors, and don't come within the act.

Squib (looking about). What, with such a quantity of choice spirits and cordials on the shelves—Ma'm——

Mr. Quack. But my good man's from home—and we're but two lone women in the house.

Squib. Then you're in more need of a man to take care of you.

Mrs. Quack. What, to let a strange man in my house!—Lord, what would become of my character?

Squib. I'll not injure it, Ma'm, no one more peaceable, unless forc'd to make good my quarters, and then——

Biddy (aside). Madam, we'd better receive him before Mr. Gauge comes, for he has sent the supper and wine already—I can dispose of him in the garret, you know.

Squib. Any bed will do for me—though I'm intitled to the second best, therefore share of the maid's will answer my purpose, if she likes it.

Biddy. Marry come up, indeed!

Squib. And now, Ma'am, if you'll order me a little *bit* of supper—I'll not sconce the payment of it, believe me.

Mrs. Quack. Supper forsooth!—I haven't a morsel in the house, *hot or cold*—or know where to get it—Show him to the camp-bed, Biddy—(*Aside.*)

Biddy. Yes, Ma'm!

Squib. Well! it can't be helped—'tis not the first time I've gone supperless to roost in worse quarters.

SONG, by SQUIB.

1.

In war-time all hardships and dread
We brave jolly soldiers despise,
Tho' oft the bare ground is our bed,
And nothing for curtains but skies!
But when we have vanquish'd the foe,
And both toils and perils are past,
The fair shou'd some comfort bestow,
And make us bed-fellows at last.

2.

The women are caught by our cloth,
And like us in every degree!
But those they prefer, by my troth,
Are just such tight fellows as me.

A lady

*A lady once married a lad
Time rais'd to be head of a corps,
But said—and she look'd very sad,
I lov'd you when ensign much more.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Castle.

Enter BELMOR, followed by JONATHEN.

Jonathen. I swear now I was on the hunt for you, Captain.

Belmor. Well, what would you have, Jonathen?

Jonathen. To know how long we shall tarry here, for, swamp me, but I'm sorely tired of it.

Belmor. Why so, pray?

Jonathen. To be moping here like an owl in an ivy bush—if I strive to get a bit of prattle, or a little bundling with any of the *jemymays* here, off they scamper, kicking at me like young fillies in a pasture, or flying like a flock of lambs before a Hessian!

Belmor. Really.—

Jonathen. Aye—and though I'm as brisk and sweet upon 'em as bottled spruce, they look as tart at me as *sour grout*!

Belmor. Indeed—why I am as badly treated myself, Jonathen.

Jonathen. But I swear now, I can't bear to be served so, for I loves a little gossiping, *Madam*.

Belmor. MADAM again!—Why, always calling me *madam*?

Jonathen. I vow now I does it without thinking—and you have often heard me say that my last service was with an officer's lady, which makes me blunder so.

Belmor. Be more careful in future then.

Jonathen. I'll shake it off if I can, Master.

Enter VILLARS, addressing himself to BELMOR.

Villars. Oh! are you there, Sir; I'm glad I found you!

Belmor. I am just returned from roving through your delightful grounds.

Villars. If you please, order your servant away.

Belmor. Jonathen, retire.

Jonathen. Shall I get the ades ready, Mad—
Sir I mean. [*Villars laughs.*]

Belmor. No, blockhead.

Jonathen. So much the worse, fwamp me.

[*Exit Jonathen.*]

Belmor. What can be the meaning of this rudeness?—and arm'd too—(*aside*).

Villars. Faith, Mrs. Marcella, I'll frighten you a little—(*aside*).

Belmor. What's the matter?—you look quite serious, Mr. Villars.

Villars. You're a gentleman, Sir—at least pretend to be one.

Belmor. I hope no one doubts it, Sir!

Villars. Do you know all the duties of that character?

Belmor. Why do you put that question?

Villars. Because you are but young.

Belmor. I know that.

Villars. And where cou'd you learn it?

Belmor (*with animation*). From my profession, Sir!

Villars. Then you know the laws of honour?

Belmor. I glory in them.

Villars. You must give me satisfaction then.

Belmor. Satisfaction!—for what?

Villars. For having passed the bounds prescribed; violated the laws of hospitality; in making love to my sister.

Belmor.

Belmor. Have I infringed then, by declaring an honourable passion for your sister?

Villars. Honourable indeed!—you swerved from my injunction—that's enough.

Belmor. I'll never fight with the brother of the woman I adore.

Villars. How embarrassed she is—(*aside*).—This is but a poor subterfuge—Come, Sir—come on——

Belmor. Hear me——

Villars (*drawing his sword*). It is too late!—She's curfedly frightened, poor thing—(*aside*).

Belmor. But one word——

Villars. I wont hear you—defend yourself.

Belmor (*putting on his hat*). Since you are so rash and unreasonable, I must and will satisfy you—(*drawing his sword*).

Villars. The Devil you will—I can disarm her at any rate—(*aside*).

Belmor. Advance, Sir—but mind you force me to it.

[*Villars seeing Belmor press him hard, puts himself in a defensive posture, for fear of being wounded; Belmor, in the conflict, disarms him.*]

Belmor. And now, Sir, I'll deliver this sword to your sister—and she shall judge who first broke thro' the laws of honour and hospitality.

Enter LADY BLOOMINGDALE.

Lady Bloom. What do I behold?

Villars. I'm in a very ridiculous situation—(*aside*).

Belmor. Come, Madam, and appease the unjust anger of your brother—who strove to pierce the heart of his friend.

Lady

Lady Bloom. What, has *she* disarmed you, Brother?—(*aside*).

Villars. Joan D'Arc or D'Eon is nothing to her, she fights like a tygres—(*aside*).

Lady Bloom. Indeed I think so—(*aside*).

Belmor. Here, Sir, take back your sword—and instead of fighting with your friends, learn to employ it against the enemies of your country, and in defence of her glory and constitution!

Lady Bloom. What was the subject of your quarrel?

Villars. For offering to make love to you—when he knows, in his soul, he is incapable of marrying you!

Belmor. Do you mean to insult me once more, by doubting it?

Villars. What, would you have the impudence to carry the joke as far as that?

Belmor. What, joke?—I should be happy thus to secure my love.

Villars. Ridiculous nonsense!

Belmor. Is that politeness, Sir?

Lady Bloom. Come, Brother, don't make *her* situation unpleasant to *her*—let *her* remain with us as long as *she* chuses—(*aside*).—*He's* not very dangerous, you know—(*patting him on the cheek*).

Belmor. That's not a very flattering compliment, however!—you may as well say at once that you hate me.

Lady Bloom. On the contrary, if you'll throw off the mask, and be really *yourself*, I will then confess my partial regard for you.

Belmor. I can't be more so than I am already—but you'll restore me to myself indeed, by declaring a mutual passion for me.

Villars. O! for shame! *that can never be.*

Lady Bloom. Tell me, do you really think *men* still capable of all the tenderness and constancy of real love?

Belmor.

Belmor. I never doubted it since I saw you.

Lady Bloom. I am talking of men.

Belmor. I understand you—of men in general—
Yes, yes, I myself know by experience of many whose
love has encreased with possession.

Villars. The devil you have, many do you say?

Belmor. Yes, many, that I have had a personal
acquaintance with.

Lady Bloom. A personal acquaintance with—
I must compliment you on your great experience.

Villars. Yes, 'tis a very modest confession truly!
—She's the most forward impudent devil I ever met
with—(aside to *Lady Bloomingdale*).

Lady Bloom. But mayn't love, like opinion, by
too frequent use of it, have at last no effect upon
those who take it?

Belmor. But as I am persuaded of the ardour of
my flame, and the sincerity of my heart!——

Lady Bloom. (taking his hand affectionately). Come
then, I'll appeal to that.

Enter JONATHEN.

Jonathen. The Serjeant desires to speak with
you on pressing business, MADAM!

[*Lady Bloomingdale and Villars laugh.*

Belmor. Again miscalling me!

Jonathen. May I be swamp'd now, if I didn't
forget.

[*Lady Bloomingdale and Villars laugh.*

Belmor. O, you are laughing at this fellow's
awkwardness!

Lady Bloomingdale and Villars (laughing.) O, yes,
MADAM!

Jonathen. I wish, Master, you'd speak to Ma-
dam, to let me bundle a bit with her handmaid
Polly; I swear I'll make her a good help-mate,
swamp me if I don't.

Lady

Lady Bloom. Why, what are your pretensions to her, my friend ?

Jonathen. A true heart and sound bottom——
'nations to me, if I have not.

[*Exit Jonathen.*

Lady Bloom. Come, Brother, it is late, and time for us to retire.

Belmor. I'm every hour more confounded with the oddity of your strange behaviour—but love has its perplexities, and so I must bear with them.

A T R I O, (CATCH)

By BELMOR, VILLARS, and LADY BLOOMINGDALE.

(*Air, The Merry Christ-Church Bells.*)

O what hopes and fears arise,
Where lovers can't agree :
This way and that, each party tries
To please more pleasingly !
See the true enamour'd pair
How every morning, noon, and night,
They look and sigh, pant, pine, and die,
To teach other love's delight.
Flutter, flutter, flutter, goes the bounding heart,
While in each other's sight,
But what despair !
And pensive care,
When forc'd by the fates to part.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE changes to an upper Apartment in Quack's House, Squib discovered lying on a truckle bed, with his regimentals on (a candle stuck in a bottle).

SQUIB.

A PRETTY kind of lodging this!—and what a comfortable camp-bed they have laid out for me—nothing to eat, nothing to drink, nothing to sleep on—hard usage in time of peace—(*struggling his shoulders*)—and I fear I shall take more away from this house than ever I brought into it—

[*Humming of a song heard.*]

Hist! here's some merriment, faith!

[*Humming repeated.*]

Eh! what's this?—preparing for a song—a light too! Ecod I'll make one among you—at least get a little nearer, to see what's going forward.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE opens and discovers Gauge seated at supper with Mrs. Quack, Biddy attending—a large press or cupboard at one end of the room.

SONG, by GAUGE.

*While the Doctor's abroad on his roam,
In search of new patients, and fees,
You're doing his business at home,
So both are as thrifty as bees:*

Thus

*Thus plenty, contentment, and wealth,
So happy a pair must attain!
He's curing his neighbour's bad health,
While you ease your lover of pain.*

Mrs. Quack. Don't be in such boisterous spirits, Mr. Gauge—you'll waken the corporal.

Biddy. You needn't fear that, Ma'm, for I left him up stairs snoring like a grampus.

Squib (passing on). Am I so, Mrs. Impudence?—Not a morsel in the house HOT OR COLD—O curse you!—(*aside.*)

Gauge. Let me help you to a wing of chicken, or some of the roast rabbit.

Squib (aside). I can regale myself with the smell, at any rate.

Gauge. Or will you rather have a slice of the tongue?

Squib (aside). No, she has enough of that already—O, what a relish!—how my mouth waters!—(*smacking his lips.*)

Mrs. Quack. No, I'd rather help myself to a bit of the tail, if you please.

Squib. O, you wou'd, wou'd you?—who the devil doubts you—this is the lady that was so much afraid of her character—(*aside.*)

Gauge (taking up a glass of wine). Come, here's the Doctor's health in a bumper.

Mrs. Quack. And more OUT PATIENTS to him, with all my heart.

Biddy. He said he could not possibly be home 'till morning, Ma'm.

[*A loud rapping at the door.*

[*Biddy runs to look out of the window.*]

Biddy. Oh, my stars, 'tis my Master—I tremble all over like an *absent leave*.

Mrs. Quack. Where shall I hide the supper?

Gauge.

Gauge. Where the devil shall I hide myself—no going up stairs for the soldier, no going down stairs for the doctor.

[*Rapping continued.*]

Squib. I see that I shall have my own game, by and by—(*aside*).

Biddy. Here, here, put all the things into this cupboard—Quick, quick, every one a hand to it—(*putting the things in the cupboard*).

Mrs. Quack. Here, here, helter, skelter, in with them—and now do, dear Mr. Gauge, squeeze yourself in at the bottom.

Gauge. Oh, yes! that's a nice place of concealment sure enough.

Biddy. Yes, but first put on my master's wig and cloak—they'll help to cover and hide you—(*taking them down from a peg in the room.*)

Gauge. Give me 'em quick—here, on with them—and now in with myself—(*going into the bottom of the cupboard*).

[*A loud rapping at the door.*]

Mrs. Quack (*speaking loud*). Biddy, why don't you run, and let in your poor dear master?

[*Exit Biddy.*]

Squib (*aside*). So, here's a fine rumpus—but I'll stand a little of one side.

Enter DOCTOR QUACK and BIDDY.

Quack. What, Betty, up and dressed at this hour, and yet keeping me so long in the cold, chuck!

Mrs. Quack. Yes, my dear, the rogue of a constable billeted a soldier on us, and Biddy and I were afraid of going to bed, and so waited up for you, lovie.

Quack. Billeted a soldier on us, do you say?—
But did that deprive you of *your hearing*?

Squib. No, nor of *her feeling either*—(*aside*).

Quack. Indeed I shou'dn't have been with you
so soon, but that young *numskull* saved my credit by
dying before I got there——But where's this sol-
dier that you talk'd of?

Squib (*peeping on*). Now's my time, I believe—
(*aside*).——I beg your pardon, Doctor, but hear-
ing a great noise at the door, I supposed it was the
gentleman of the house, and——

Quack. And what then?——I don't like this
kind of caterwawling—(*aside*).

Squib. Nothing, Doctor, but to pay my respects
to you—and I appeal to your *virtuous lady* if I
have n't been a quiet lodger.

Mrs. Quack. I can say nothing to the contrary
indeed!

Squib. I didn't even *eat or drink in the house*.

Quack. Now you talk of that, I got nothing
at *Numskull-hall*—there was such a hubbub in the
place.

D U E T.

QUACK.

*Pray can't you give us, my dear Bet,
Something nice for a morning whet?
A little relish, boil'd or roast,
Just for to smack with ale and toast.*

MRS. QUACK.

*Nothing I have that's hot or cold,
But if I had a treat on gold,
The highest dish a cook can plan,
It should be serv'd for my good man.*

QUACK.

QUACK.

*A slice of gammon fry'd with eggs,
Is all your half-starv'd husband begs.*

MRS. QUACK.

*You need n't, love, make half the rout,
But faith, my dear, your fire's out.*

Mrs. Quack. I've nothing in the world for you in the house—you know that, Corporal.

Squib. Yes, Ma'am!—that's a damn'd lie, for you've a *tit bit* for yourself, at any rate—*(aside)*

Mrs. Quack. And to-morrow, you know, is market day, my love.

Squib. Have you nothing in *the cupboard*, dead or alive, Ma'm—*(aside)*.

Biddy. Hush! for Heaven's sake don't remind him of the cupboard, I beg you—*(aside)*.

Quack (going towards it.) I'll look in *herè*, perhaps I may find a relish—or *something to cut up and make a devil of*.

Mrs. Quack. Don't open it, my dear,—you'll let out the——

Biddy (aside). Say, the black cat, Ma'm.

Mrs. Quack. The black cat—that I have just put in to hunt the mice.

Squib (aside). Shall I expose her or bring her off with flying colours—O hang it, I'm a soldier, and 'tis mean to revenge myself upon a woman, thus circumstanced—and who knows but she may fully reward me for my good nature hereafter—and now if I could but deceive the cuckold——

Quack. What are you thinking of, Corporal?—my temples begin to itch confoundedly—*(aside)*.

Squib. Of hunger!——But come, Sir, as some return for troubling your house—I'll provide an excellent repast for us all.

Quack. You're very generous, Corporal—But how can that be? every body's in bed in town, and if they were up, perhaps nothing's to be had.

Squib. You shall have it however, without much delay, trouble, or expence!

Mrs. Quack. How do you mean?

Squib. You must know that I've been in Egypt, and am perfect master of the black art, and have spirits at my beck, that will provide a feast ready drest in a minute.

Quack. That would be a devil of a feast indeed!

Squib (taking up Gauge's stick from the corner). And here's the magic wand that shall do the business before you can say Jack Robinson!

Biddy (aside). See, Ma'm, if he hasn't got hold of Mr. Gauge's stick.

Squib. What say you, Doctor?

Quack. Well! shew us some of your mighty art, —I cannot think what the deuce the fellow means— (aside).

SQUIB (in solemn tune repeating.)

Hocus, Pocus, L'Agrement,

Calibastic—In Silentio!

Rory Tory, Rantum Scantum,

Vino, Beero, et Nankintum,

Mixum—Gatherum, Presto, Brewit,

Molly Pensley, Nancy Suet.

Quack. Molly Pensley and Nancy Suet—who the devil are they?

Squib. Two of the devil's head cooks

Quack. Your devils have very odd names, Corporal.

Squib. Now say what you'll have, Doctor.

Quack. Any thing upon earth, provided I don't see the cooks.

Squib.

Squib. Upon earth, Doctor! why, it comes from the lower regions, and you'll see what interest I have there.

Mrs. Quack. O, Lord! don't frighten us, Corporal!

Squib. Never fear, Ma'm!—the Devil is always good to his own—(*aside to her*).——Hear me, ye infernal imps, instantly furnish me with a couple of chickens, a roast rabbit, a piece of cold tongue, and a *teal* for you, Ma'm, by way of delicacy.

Biddy (aside). We're all blown, faith!

Squib. I command you to have them all ready-drest, in a moment—as to liquors, you know the sort that suit my palate—and I desire that they may instantly be transported into that cupboard—Presto, do your duty.

Quack. Why, you're a great officer, Mr. Corporal—I begin to smell a rat—(*aside*).

Squib. Open the cup-board, and behold my power.

Mrs. Quack. I'll not allow the cupboard to be touched—that's poss.

Squib. Don't be alarmed, I'll save your credit, depend upon it—(*aside*)——What, are you all afraid to see my piece of enchantment, then I'll open the cupboard myself.

Quack. O, take care of the black cat!

[*Squib opens the upper part of the cupboard, and discovers the things that were secreted there—Gauge hid and covered with the cloak at the bottom, within the half door.*]

Squib. There they are, and as well dressed as if they came from the *Devil's Tavern* in London——Do you chuse any of the imps to attend you as waiters?

Mrs. Quack. Oh, no! for Heaven's sake don't bring any of them here, Mr. Conjuror.

Squib. Then I must serve in that capacity myself.—Come, Biddy, you are a ready hand, on a pinch, *to put things in or out.*—[*Laying the things on the table.*]—Come, let's fall to while they are warm—consider they came a great way, and are not as hot as hell.

Quack. Curse me, if I touch a bit of them.

Mrs. Quack. Nor I neither, my dear.

Biddy. Lord, how they smell of smoke and combustibles!

[*Squib sitting down, and eating and drinking hastily.*]

Squib. All imagination, believe me—as good as ever you eat, and the liquors equally so—(*handing a leg of a fowl to Quack*).

[*Quack tasting it, and then seating himself with his back to the cupboard.*]

Quack. Egad, 'tis not so bad as I thought—who'd have taken you for so great a conjuror, Corporal?

Squib (*pouring out a glass of wine, and looking at the cupboard*). Come, Sir, if you please we'll drink the *Old-boy's good health* who gave us this treat.

Quack. I've no objection to *any of our friends*, Mr. Conjuror.

Gauge (*peeping out*). What a pretty pickle I'm in—made a devil of, and perhaps shall pay for the *roast after all*—(*aside*).

Mrs. Quack. Keep in your head, for Heaven's sake!—He swallows the bait—(*aside*).

Quack. How surprising, my dear, the *black cat* didn't discover any of this delicate meat!

Squib. O, you remember cats of old were considered as witches—and good dogs and sportsmen, you know, never touch any of their own game.

Quack.

Quack (*eating*). Aye! and old foxes seldom prey at home—I may as well humour the joke—(*aside*).

Gauge. I wish this wag would take me out of jeopardy in some shape or other—(*aside*).

Squib. Well, Doctor!—as you've now eat a hearty meal, would you chuse to see *the Devil* that gave it to us.

Mrs. Quack. O, for Heaven's sake—don't I beg of you, Mr. Enchanter—Biddy, shut the cupboard door—*she shuts it.*)

Quack. O! as for my part I'd have no objection but for fear of frightening my wife—by the bye I prefer any part of a feast to the beginning of a fray—(*aside*.)

Squib. As to that, I'll pledge my honour *SHE* shall see nothing to displease her.

Biddy—(*whispering her mistress*).—He'll bring us off depend upon it, Madam—leave him his own way—he's an excellent magician, faith!—Will you, Mr. Conjuror, tell me if I shall *die a maid*.

Squib. Die a maid!—I'll be damned if you do—O, no, the stars tell me, you put that out of the power of chance already.

Mrs. Quack. Well! I depend upon you, Mr. Necromancer.

Squib. Then order Biddy to throw open all the doors and windows for fear of the worst—as he wou'n't in his flight have any more mercy on your gallypots than a blind horse in a china shop.

Quack. Run, Biddy, and do as Mr. Conjuror bids you. [*Exit Biddy.*]

I wish myself fairly rid of him at all events—(*aside*.)

Squib. Well, how do you chuse he should appear—in the shape of a *buck goat, black cat, ram, or monkey*—or *devil* as he is, with cloven foot or tail!

Quack. Any way he chuses—I don't wish to interfere with such people.

Mrs

Mrs. Quack. Oh, Lord, Sir, if you can—do let him appear like my husband, for then I shall be less afraid.

Squib. *What, horns and all!—(aside to Mrs. Quack, waving his hand.)—*Hear me, you that provided us this damnable good repast—that have been witness to all we have said and done—instantly avault from hence, and may the devil and all his imps go along with you.

[*During this invocation the cupboard opens by degrees, and at the last words Gauge flies out muffled up, as before disguised.*]

Mrs. Quack. Oh, dear me, was any devil so like my husband?

Quack. Yes, very like my figure indeed—but it wasn't very civil of him, though, to run off with my wig and cloak—but, damn me, but I'll be up with him for making a monster of me—*(aside)*.

Enter BIDDY and SERJEANT DRILL.

Biddy. O, Madam, Madam, off he's flown in a blaze of fire!—faugh, how it smells!—with the black cat under his arm; and the Serjeant here saw him as well as me.

Drill. Yes, he flew as if the Devil was in him, sure enough—But come, Jack, I called on you to attend a serenade at the Castle—I've just heard our noble Captain was privately married last night to the great lady that lives there—the drum and fife are gone before us, and 'tis just day-break.

Quack. I'm glad of it, with all my heart—we'll go too, and I'll rouse my neighbours to be of the party.

Mrs. Quack. You shall have a better billet for this to-night, and as good a supper, believe me—*(aside to Squib.)*

Squib.

Squib. As much of the cupboard love as you please.

[*Squib kisses Mrs. Quack as they are retiring, and Quack looks back and catches them.*]

SCENE changes to the Hall in the Castle.

Enter POLLY and JONATHEN.

Polly. I beg you'll be quiet, Mr. Jonathen—and don't be so foolish—for I tell you 'tis full time to call your master.

Jonathen. But as you have call'd me *first*, swamp me, but I'll catch time by the forelock, for one can never get a word with the jemmymays of this house—and I vow you make me feel quite bold!

Polly. Yes, yes—you're bold enough—I can easily see that.

Jonathen. You don't understand me, I swear now—but you're desperate pretty, your eye has the charm of a rattlesnake,—and I'm the poor bird, ready to fall into your mouth, so I am.

Polly. This is all Cherokee to me—I don't understand a word of your simile—I therefore desire once more you'll be quiet, and call your master, or I'll complain of you, that I will.

Jonathen. O, he has but just thrown himself down in his cloaths on the bed—and won't tarry an instant when I go to him.

Polly. Well, make haste, for the musicians will be here directly.

Jonathen. But will you promise your poor Jonathen, eh?—why is n't it now a good thing to be cocksure of a husband?

Polly. Well, we'll talk of this another time—swamp me—(*mimicking him*).

Jonathen.

Jonathen But I can't tarry, for my love burns
like a hickery fire!

[*Here the village bells ring.*]

Polly. Hark!—let's away, we shall be too late.

[*Exeunt, hastily.*]

SCENE, the outside of the Castle; the sun just rising over a diversified landscape; the village music under a side view of the house.

DOCTOR and MRS. QUACK—GAUGE, JONATHEN, DRILL, and SQUIB—HAYMAKERS, and others—
Bells occasionally ringing.

Drill. Come, boys, let us strike up on this merry occasion.

THE SERENADE.

(*Accompanied with hautboys, flute, and fiddle.*)

*Come, hautboys and flute, begin the salute,
And hail the fair bride, and her spouse!
Let fiddlers unite, with notes of delight,
And gladden their fond marriage vows.*

CHORUS.

*Now join in full chorus
The banquet before us,
When we the good family rouse.*

SERGEANT DRILL.

(*Accompanied with drum and fife.*)

*Behold your honour's party,
With chearful drum and fife!
To make you rouse quite hearty,
And please your lady wife—*

With

*With a row, dow, rum, dum,
Whistle—whistle doo—
With a tow, rum, dum rum,
Too, too, too, too, too,
Arouse for Mars from love calls you.*

CHORUS.

*Then join in full chorus
The banquet's before us,
And dancing and piping in view.*

(Accompanied with horns.)

*Our horns shan't raise harsh notes to displease,
Nor discord your union impair!
But harmony's voice your hearts shall rejoice,
And nine months to come give an heir.*

CHORUS.

*Now join in full chorus
The banquet's before us,
Then into the Castle repair.*

*[Belmor, in a robe de chambre, lifting up the
sash.]*

Drill. God bless your honour and her ladyship,
and send you many happy nights like this.

Belmor. Thank you, my good friends—thank
you.

Lady Bloomingdale's voice within. Polly—I say,
Polly—go and see what's the matter under my win-
dow.

Polly. O, Ma'm, 'tis only the musicians sere-
nading your ladyship on your nuptials,

Lady Bloom. What's all this?—I must be dream-
ing sure!

*[Lady Bloomingdale, in a night-dress, opens a
window next to that out of which Belmor is
looking.]*

Squib.

Squib. We hope your ladyship won't be angry with us for disturbing you so early—as may-hap you *did not sleep all night.*

Lady Bloom. What do the fools mean?—'*seeing Belmor*)—So, you wicked imp, you—this is some of your playful pranks, to amuse yourself at my expence.

Belmor. My dear, you'll take cold—I beg you'll return to bed—I'll be with you *directly.*

Lady Bloom. And you'll be of *great service* to me, won't you?

Belmor. Nay, my dear, don't be so ungrateful! retire pray, see how your blushes outshine the morning.

Lady Bloom. Very well, go on, *Madam*—but I'll have my brother call'd, and put an end to all this farcical nonsense, that you have been tormenting me with.

[*Both retire, the scene closes, and the chorus of the serenade here.*]

SCENE changes to a spacious Room—tables, pens and ink, &c.

LADY BLOOMINGDALE and VILLARS.

Lady Bloom. This is really too much, Brother—to expose me to all the neighbourhood, and carry the jest to such a mad-cap piece of extravagance.

Villars. She's the most extraordinary woman I ever met with—why, she could drink me under the table, I dare say—and as for fighting! you saw the ridiculous situation she left me in—we must come to an *immediate* explanation with *her.*

Lady Bloom. You can't think what passes in my mind—and if her brother resembles her as much as they say, I can't be long answerable for my heart, I fear.

Villars.

Villars. Mine is equally agitated; I assure you—but from another cause—(*aside*).

Lady Bloom. Brother, if you could be prevailed on to like Marcella with all her faults—I am persuaded she would make a good wife.

Villars. Wife, indeed!——

Lady Bloom. Yes, since *she* can't be my husband, let her at least be my sister-in-law—As to me——

S O N G, by LADY BLOOMINGDALE.

(Air, *A vous direz je ma mamma.*)

1.

*I confess were she a man,
That might change my present plan,
One so lovely, gay, and tender,
Soon would make a heart surrender,
But no more I'm doom'd to prove
The delights of mutual love.*

2.

*Such a form, with such a mind,
In the men we seldom find!
If they're handsome, they're deceitful;
If they're ugly—oh, how hateful!
If they're wise, they're far above
The delights of mutual love.*

3.

*Since the fates then still refuse
Such a husband as I chuse,
I'll live single, still defying,
All their false pretended sighing,
Mourning like the widow'd dove,
O'er the loss of mutual love.*

G

Villars.

Villars. Thanks, Sister, for your kind advice, but my heart's engaged.

Lady Bloom. To whom, pray ?

Villars. I can't at present tell you, but she's not far off.

Lady Bloom. Well, at any rate you'll assist me in the scheme I hinted to you—since you know the fulfilling of the condition is to be optional with yourself, and it is the best method to retaliate upon her.

Villars. So far I'll co-operate with you—but *hush* here *she* comes—we must seem displeased at all events.

Enter BELMOR.

Villars. You are, I suppose, conscious that you are protected by *particular circumstances*, else you would never have attempted to play this whimsical prank upon my sister.

Belmor. I'm sure you'll both excuse it—when I declare my only wish is to make her ladyship *completely* happy !

Lady Bloom. (*laughing*). You make me *completely* happy !

Villars. Are you then really determined to *marry* a woman ?

Belmor. A woman ! why, can I marry any one else ?

Villars. Yes, but you'll *disappoint* my sister, I am certain.

Belmor. As a proof of my being predetermined to marry her, if I gained her consent, here is a contract I brought, with the parties names inserted, and a *charte blanche*, as to any settlement of my estate, that her ladyship chuses—(*delivering it to Villars*).

Villars. Nothing can be more handsome, to be sure—if it was really her brother's—(*aside*.)

Lady

Lady Bloom. Come, let us have done with the mutual raillery—if you'll annex a condition to the contract of marrying *Marcella Belmor* (your sister, as you call her) to my brother *Mr. Villars*, under a penalty of 10,000*l.* (provided he chuses to fulfil the engagement) I'll sign and seal with you.

Belmor. With all my heart, I sincerely wish to promote this double alliance—(*going to the table and writing*).

Lady Bloom. (*aside to Villars*). What do you think now?—how ready she seems to contract herself to you, brother.

Villars (*aside*). I can't bear her for wanting to force herself upon me—but will be even with her.

Belmor. Well, Madam, here is the clause drawn agreeable to your wishes—but sign first—for as you expressed such an antipathy to a second marriage, you might turn all this into a joke!—Your suspicions justify mine, you'll allow.

Lady Bloom. How apt we are to judge of others by ourselves—Well, here's my signature —(*signing the paper.*)

Belmor. And here's mine, my dear brother.

Villars (*to Belmor*). And here's mine, my dear sister!

Belmor. Sister!—

Villars. Yes, there's nothing now left but to throw off the mask.

Belmor. What mask!—you are now for ever mine, and my triumph is complete!

Lady Bloom. Not intirely, Madam!

Belmor. Madam!—Tell me what you mean, for Heaven's sake.

Lady Bloom. Only when people have a mind to deceive others, they should be cautious of the snares laid for themselves.

Belmor. I am quite confounded.

Lady Bloom. Indeed, I believe you are!—I was fully informed of all, and only waited to see how far your folly would proceed.

Belmor. Explain yourself, I beg of you.

Lady Bloom. Leave me for ever—you would not be my friend, and I will endeavour all I can to hate you, *Marcella!*

Enter MARCELLA, POLLY, ADAM and JONATHEN.

Marcella. Hate me! and what have I done to merit so cruel a sentence?

Villars. Oh! *Mary-Anne!*

Belmor. Ah! Sister!——

Lady Bloom. and Villars. Your sister!——

Belmor. Yes, my only beloved sister.

Villars. Oh, my heart's at ease—(*half aside.*)

Marcella. Pardon me, my dear Madam, the happy device I contrived, to restore your heart, to love and make a brother blest—I am the real *Marcella*, and this is *Belmor*, who was ignorant, believe me, of the original stratagem, and would not have merited your heart, had he intentionally joined in the deception.

Polly. And as to the last adventure, I take the sin of it upon myself—if my lady now thinks I meant any harm in it.

Belmor to Lady Bloom. My dearest wife!—my contracted spouse!——

Lady Bloom. And are you really *Marcella*?

Belmor. Can your heart now mistake me for her?

Lady Bloom. (*after a moment's pause rushes into the arms of Marcella*). Oh, *Marcella!* how I love you!——

Villars. Ah! *Mary-Anne*, *Mary-Anne*—how you entrap'd my heart!

Belmor. You won't fulfil the contract then?

Marcella. What contract?

Villars. You shall learn that another time—but as a proof that I know the sentiments of all parties—
love,

love, not compulsion, shall unite us—let this contract, like our cares, then be offered to the winds—*(tearing it)*.

Lady Bloom. And what's to become of my vow?

Villars. Sister, love disengages you from it—esteem Belmor, he is a charming fellow.

Jonathen. And so poor Jonathen—is to see every one *bundling* but himself and Polly.

Belmor. No, thou faithful companion of my toils—I'll take care of your fortune—and as Lady Bloomingdale will do as much for Polly, perhaps you'll find it your mutual interest to join your purses and hearts together.

Polly. Faith, Sir, *a man's a man*,—and when I'm fairly asked the question, I'll not refuse to—*bundle with him*.

Villars. And here are some of our serenading friends come to realize their congratulations.

Enter DOCTOR QUACK, MRS. QUACK, JOLLY, DRILL, SQUIB, GAUGE and HAYMAKERS, &c.

Lady Bloom. Come then, let your hearts be ever united in love and friendship, and the remembrance of this day be always an addition to our happiness.

F I N A L E.

LADY BLOOMINGDALE.

*Since thus to wedlock fate's inclin'd,
Ye belles, I pray draw near,
And when your lover's to your mind,
By my example steer.*

BELMOR.

*Blest with the charms of her I love,
No more for fame I'll burn!
Nor from domestic pleasures rove,
Since you my flame return.*

CHORUS.

*Thus crown'd with mutual love and peace,
We'll tune the merry song!
Whilst Hymen shall our joys encrease,
And time our bliss prolong.*

MARCELLA.

*We'll join our willing hearts and hands,
In love and friendship's ties!
And bound in wedlock's blissful bands,
There ev'ry wish comprize.*

BELMOR.

*The world for thee I now resign,
With sense and beauty blest!
And since so great a treasure's mine,
What more can I request?*

CHORUS.

*Thus crown'd with mutual love and peace,
We'll tune the merry song!
Whilst Hymen shall our joys encrease,
And time our bliss prolong.*

JONATHEN.

*And yankee doodle, doodle, doo,
Has cross'd the western seas!
And comes to sing and bundle too,
And learn your wicked ways.*

POLLY.

*I like your tricks and yankee talk,
And think you quite the plan!
Nor will I now my fancy baulk,
For faith a man's a man.*

CHORUS.

OR, THE FROLICS OF FANCY. 67

CHORUS.

*Thus crown'd with mutual love and peace,
We'll tune the merry song!
Whilst Hymen shall our joys encrease,
And time our blifs prolong.*

QUACK.

*The serjeant, corporal, fife, and drum,
Have bid me lead the way—
And here are all the village come,
To hail this happy day.*

ADAM.

*And we've prepar'd a jovial feast
To grace this antient hall!
And hope you'll find it to your taste,
And that 'twill please you all.*

GENERAL CHORUS.

(Repeating this last Stanza.)

T H E E N D.

E R R A T A.

Page 46, (Catch) Line 8, for *teach other*, read *teach each other*.



ORIGINAL EPILOGUE

TO THE OPERA OF

A MATCH FOR A WIDOW;

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR,

AND

Spoken by Mrs. MELMOTH, in 1786.

WELL! now the trial's o'er and sentence past,
Have you decreed this Novel Piece shall last?
—'Pshaw!' cries the critic—while he takes his snuff.
'Must we be bored with such damn'd, stupid stuff?
'There's nothing here, by Heav'ns! that's good or bad,
'But from the British market must be had:
'At least we know, it ne'er can please our nation,
'Till it has past their trial of probation.'
No, cries the Patriot—if our country's dear,
Nurse arts and science, and they'll flourish here,
Nor force our native bards abroad to roam;
Then, court those talents, you despis'd at home.

The dame quite fond of cards and crowded route,
By fashion and flirtation whirl'd about!
Who thinks time lost, and loads of money mist,
If dragg'd from balls, or dear, vintg-un, and whist,
Thus prates to some fond beau, who soothes her rigour,
'Lord, have you seen the curious speaking figure?
'It costs but half-a-crown, and who'd refuse it?
'For it will put the question, if you chuse it:
'Thro'

EPILOGUE.

' Thro' a long-kind-of-thing, it speaks and kisses,
' And faith can almost tell one's wants and wishes!
' Could we but get Automations for players,
' Or Fantochinis for our stage affairs!
' Is there a woman then of taste or passion,
' That wou'dn't make the theatre the fashion?
' Renounce late dinners, and the gambling drum,
' Once more to this forsaken place to come?"

But * here's a charm to cure this idle rage!
For while you honour and support the stage,
You from the comic muse no censure claim,
Since vice and folly are her only aim!—
As to the piece to-night—you must allow,
I've some excuse for having broke my vow.
For sure no widow in the prime of life!
(Though she had once been made a wretched wife)
But on a second lover sure might venture,
If he could better than the first content her.
Am I in fault then if I chang'd my plan?
When I was sure my lover was a man!
Nor is my brother Villars more to blame,
When charms like fair Marcella's grace his flame.

Then let the piece, both episode and song,
Your kind protection and your praise prolong!
For if our bard your approbation draws,
'Tis more to him than all the world's applause.

* To the audience.

